right, and faintly said :

"Edith, I am glad you have come.

We have not met since the Christmas

Eve, thirteen years ago last night,

when you, leaving for a moment the

gay party you were entertaining

"Stop!" said Miss Blanchard,

raising a hand of command. "It

is I should tell this tale. I have it

quite by heart, as you will see. I

was betrothed to Mark Ainslie, and

the engagement was declared. In

fact, the world had met to congrat-

ulate me, upon that Christmas Eve,

thirteen years ago, which you, it

seems, remember as well as I. Leav-

of the evening, I hid myself in my

for a moment over my exceeding

joy. I, the betrothed of such a

ing the crowded rooms in the course

Still is the night: around, the Christmas storm Falls down in soft white these of silver snow. Their dripping glass the long ice-jettings form, In a slow frozen stream the rivers flow.

The sir is cold; as crystal are the stars, Gazing on earth that answers to their look; The trees—rad monuments of early wars— Weep their white tears for leaves the autum

Far in the city, where the Jamps are bright, Few loiterers shiver on the naths to-night, Nor friends will stay to goe in an they meet-

And yet a sweet blest hour is drawing nigh; Young cheerful eye; are beaming in the cro Clear through the city, towering to the sky. Glad chimes of eyen bells are rung aloud-Bright eyes will flash, light steps will haster on—
Flushed with a sudden jey a fair face burns
fo meet another feed. And some are gone
Who sought the land from which no foot re-

What if in aged eyes a tear is seen.
Felling for one whose tears have long been dried? He knew what was the best; that which has be Was but to draw the present to his side!

Nay, give Him thanks-kind is the iron will Of him who tempers to the lamb the wind; The good is good: good let us think the it!; We cannot indue—our simple eyes are blind! The dawn of Hisbright day comes on apace: Through starry frost the midnight comes and

goes; The morning comes; the early malin lays Break from the skies, and tremble o'er the Proclaim, a thousand bells, from near and far, The day of our dear Lord—His mortal birth And from the courts of heaven to men on cor-Falls the sweet in mage of the Shepherd

## A STORY FOR TO-DAY.

Aurelia Ainslie's Christmas Tree.

A black, bitter night, Christmas Eve though it was-a night to make well clad people shiver beneath their furs and broadcloth, and to make the condition of the freezing and starving wretches who outnumbered them, so much the more horrible from the cruel anomaly of their sufferings and the universal hope and joy commemorated in the birth of

A well-appointed chariot rolled burly coachman, although muffled here before." to the eyes and the tips of his fingers, grumbling oaths at the caprice which had kept him out all the afternoon, while the hair of the splenhides, giving them a comical appearance of extreme terror.

but frozen, for the abundant dark the things." hair was unthreaded with silver, the single line, the oval of the cheek orders confused or discomposed. was absolutely perfect, and needed templating that white, cold face, neath the heavy lashes habitually gifts for the servants." drooped beneath them?

"Edith Blanchard a beauty! I should as soon think of calling the Sphinx the belle of the ballroom," said Milly Flowers, the oth er night.

But Rhadamanthus, to whom she said it, remembers Edith Blanchard Milly Flowers never dreamed of. The chariot smoothly rolled on, and Miss Blanchard, leaning back

upon the cushions, looked listlessly out of the window.

"I am glad it is not a bright night," said she, softly; and lowering the glass, she breathed the chill, creeping air with a strange satisfaction. With it comes the sound of a child's voice, in terrified and weeping expostulation.

"Oh, don't; please don't! didn't know it was any harm!

won't do so again! "You bet high on that. last a spell," said a man's surly voice in reply, and the other voice became inarticulate with sobs.

Miss Blanchard leaned forward and looked through the gathering darkness. A policeman was just passing through one of the gates of the Common, leading by the wrist a lit the alabaster lilies beside her dresstle girl, and in his other hand ing glass, and unlocked her writingholding a small hatchet.

Miss Blanchard never raised her voice, but her clear, sonorious tones | few worn and yellow letters. seldom remained disregarded. The the window.

What has that little girl done?" and bushes in the burying ground inhaled with white, hard set lips the

. tome here, if you please! The policeman approached still dropped into his hand.

say harm. You had better lego for this time. If there is ble about it. I will be responfor her appearance. My address No 87 -- street

The policeman besitated, bank note pleasantly warmed numb fingers, and at Christmas' no. a man in authority should not be with the letters, Miss Blanchard too severe, and he touched his cap took up the other. It was the like and moved on, savings "Well, ma'am, I've no wish to be woman; it was the counterfeit of

too hard upon the girl, of course; that loveliness which Rhadamanand, as you say, she's but a child thus remembered when Milly Flowers compared Miss Blanchard to The rest of the sentence was lost the Sphynx.

in the heavy beard and muffler of Standing before the mirror, she the speaker, and Miss Blanchard gazed long and earnestly at the re- other window. Here she stood for listened no longer. She was saying: flection it gave back, then compared | many moments, her face as stony "Now, little girl! you had better it minutely with the picture in her in its calm as had become its wont, run home as fast as you can, and hand. don't get into mischief again. But, So unlike, yet not unlike without, but seeing only the sail stay Why were you cutting the enough, marmured she, "When panorama of her own past life-s

" No ma'am. I wanted a Christ | the surface? When will the face of | Christmas Day. mas tree, sobbed the child, picking that fool who loved a traitor disap. That after all those years of the colored candles burned upon the up the hatched dropped by the po pear forever? When may I de forcing herself to meet her destiny previous evening.

have you to hang upon it asked. She ground her teeth as she mut. That she should herself have offered meath a ragged cotton quilt, lay a her as His gift and token of pardon the grave, unsmiling lips.

of tin, and and an apple?

asked Miss Blanchard, keenly. " I -I took it."

things belonging to other people you will be punished?" asked the lady, coldly. Once she would have tenderly pointed out the wrong doing of the act, but that day was past. The child looked keenly up, vaguely surprised at hearing no more. things belonging to other people Ten o'clock on Christmas morn voice frightened her, and the cus-

than the teachings of her vilest associates from such lips. "I didn't get caught ma'am," said she, ernftily.

"You may next time. Well, here is money for your Christmas tree. You can buy it a florist's shop." "She threw it or rather dropped t, half carelessly, half wearily upon the payement. The child picked it we have witnessed.

"I just as lieve! Do what you choose with the money. What do you want more than the tree?" "Some things for mother. She's sick, and I was thinking maybe you'd tell me what kind of things

"You are somewhat bold, my child," said she. "It is enough for me to give the money, without advice. But, stay; you come to my house at ten o'clock to morrow close beside the door, with the wary, morning, and you will have some food and clothes given you, with other poor persons who will be Here is the address on this there.

Drive on, James." "Drive on, I should think! If hat 'ere off horse ins't down sick to-morrow, I'll lose my guess, that's all!" muttered James, indigantly, and drove home at such a pace that his mistress had not found time to forget her late interview before she entered the house.

Dinner was served, but before she sat down, Miss Blancl and sumnoned Mrs. Bliss, her silent, sober ousekeeper.

"You sent for me ma'am?" "Yes. The flannel and calico are in omeparcels in the carriage. Have them taken to your own room, and livide them into the usual quantities. roasted, as I told you?"

" Yes, ma'am." women is to receive a gown and peticost piece, a loaf, and a joint, as usual. Take down their names,

"Besides these twelve women, I have directed a little girl to call a ten o'clock. I wish to see her mysuitable for a sick woman, to give vet middle-aged, with a face whose ter go out this evening and buy beauty seemed not to have faded some cloth. Mary will make up

"What sort of cloth, ma'am?

only color to make it beautiful. But thing warm and strong, of course, who could think of beauty in con- and of different suits for the different garments. Clothe her from head to dumb and reticent as a marble foot, and get a cloak and hood. You mask, and with eyes whose light may take James with you. That is and color seemed crushed out be all. I believe. You have provided "Yes, ma'am."

resplendent with such loveliness as miliar as their breath to such

When all was over, even to the iny cup of cafe noir and the finger-

two. The room had no other apperie so long, the little girl, perproach, and was divided from the eciving herself forgotten, made one you don't git enough this time to opening into Miss Blanchard's cham-

ooked up hastily. The door secured, Miss Blanchard

lighted the gas burner concealed in

lieve it, but as sure as I stand here, stancy-read them all through, and Blanchard, and resting upon the handle without trying it, she said, drearily:

dasping the handle. hild? Tell the truth at once." "My name's Aurelia Ainslie.

said the child, retreating a little and wondering why she should be suspected of untruth in so simple a matter.

arm and drew her to a window. ·What a blind fool I am, and always have been, that I should take

She dropped the slender arm, not knowing that she had griped it with such force that it would bear the weeks, and walked hastily to an her eyes fixed upon the busy scene

that fool who loved a traitor disappear forever? When may I destroy the picture of the man, fond stroy and shuddering be stroy the picture of the man, fond stroy and shuddering be stroy the picture of the man, fond stroy and shuddering be stroy the picture of the man, fond stroy and shuddering be stroy the picture of the man, fond stroy and shuddering be stroy the picture of the man, fond stroy and shuddering be stroy the picture of the man, fond stroy and shuddering be stroy the picture of the man, fond stroy and shuddering be stroy the picture of the man, fond stroy and shuddering be stroy the picture of the man, fond stroy and shuddering be stroy the picture of the man, fond stroy and shuddering be stroy the picture of the man, fond stroy and shuddering be stroy the picture of the man, fond stroy and shuddering be stroy the picture of the man, fond stroy and shuddering be stroy the picture of the man, fond stroy and shuddering be stroy the picture of the man, fond stroy and shuddering be stroy the picture of the man, fond stroy and shuddering be stroy the picture of the man, fond stroy and shuddering be shuddered as a strong that the strong the man of the man

"Go!" began she, but her own

watched her as one watches an ob- dull glow in her eyes: nature and habit do not change in It causes the Hair to Curl beautifully. watched her as one watches an object loathsome and hated, but yet too defenceless to be attacked.

Suddenly an idea crossed her mind, a new impulse, a sweet hope of such revenge as should compensor of such revenues and such as the suc had been her inevitable employment | ject loathsome and hated, but yet too The motive for either ceremony of such revenge as should compen-

last half hour. She spoke proudly and coldly: " Mother and I live in Burt Court. guess there aint any numbers." And who else?"

"Nobody lives with us." Miss Blanchard hesitated, turned even paler than she had already become, and asked again: "No one? not your father?"

" Father's dead. He died in the "Dead! Oh, he would not have died if -"

The sudden, sharp agony of the moment had forced these words to her lips, but there she closed them. waited for self-command, then asked in feverish haste: "But your mother is alone ?"

"Yes'm." "And poor-very poor?" "Yes'm.

"She sometimes needs food, and metimes fuel and clothes-does "Yes'm. "And ill besides. Is she very ill?

Does she suffer ?,'

"She coughs dreadful sometimes, and she has a bad ache in her side and in her head," said Aurelia, sorrowfully, but with unabated terror. own little boudoir, to rest and dream "Well, child, I am going home with you to see this poor sick mother of yours. You shall ride in the lover, and the possessor of such a carriage with me. I used to know friend! I had barely arrayed this her, I believe, but we have not met

date, you see, and I dare say she tering in the dark, seated themselves has not either." "Yes'm. I gave two dollars for As she spoke, Miss Blanchard her robes swept across mine as she sharply rang the bell, ordered the sank weeping in his arms. He tencarriage, and sent for Mrs. Bliss. derly inquired the reason of her

To her she said : "Take this child and feed her; but you need give her nothing to of her hopeless passion, and carry away. I am going myself to he repaid it by assurances of see her mother. I believe she is a equal or surpassing fervor upon his ome oranges to stick on. 'Twas former servant of mine."

falsehood that ever had crossed my side. It was upon that hint I Edith Blanchard's haughty lips, and spoke, and, in the darkness, calmly upon the pale little face, and in the she felt as if they were seorched. But she must explain beforehand the child's possible prattle, and she would not order her to silence. In mute wonder Mrs. Bliss led "I guess I did. Mother didn't

> "Not that cloak. Bring my velyet one, and the hat to match it, my sable fors, and my point vail. I shall change my dress for black

"It is hardly eleven o'clock yet, ventured stand at the corner. He's real clever | French dress maid; but received a sometimes, and twiest he give me look that needed no words to com-"But how droll they are, these smells so of rum, I don't like to."

A look of slight disgust crossed | Americans!" muttered the maid, looking out of the window as her Miss Blanchard's face, and she hastmistress descended the steps. "They go out at eleven o'clock in the morning dressed like princesses, and sit "Twelve! Why, how little you down to dinner in merino gowns, with linen collars." But it was something worse than

had taste that dictated the costume o cat ever, or clothes enough to Miss Blanchard's maid thus crifi-"Tell Mrs. Bliss to send me that

"And Christmas Eve is your child," said she, seating herself in the carriage, and drawing the elaborate Afghan about her.

Aurelia, pale cold, and wondereyed, was brought, and stood shivring at the carriage door. Get in, and sit there on the

floor," said Miss Blanchard, drawing away her skirts from contact with the fluttering rags that brushed ncross her knees, and crouched presently at her feet.

"Burt Court. Do you know where it is, inquire until you find "Burt Court!" muttered James.

limbing his box. "Yes; it's another of them nasty slums, such as we hunted through all day yesterday. I suppose we've heard of an uglier and lower-lived creter there than we got together this morning. and we're going to have a look at "Good-bye, ma'am. I can't open her. Well, 'twill be a curiosity, to

Spurred on by this conviction, James drove rapidly, and directly, to the desired locality, and, halting at the entrance of a filthy alley, jumped from the box and opened

"Burt Court, ma'am. There's no such thing as driving . or get ting out again, if we was in." Very well. Wait here. Aureia, go before, and show me the way

o your mother's rooms. The child bundled herself out, as best she could, and shuffled down the alley, followed by Miss Blanchard, carefully guarding her trailng robes from contact with the ilthy pavement.

In at the common door of a ten ment house, whose very walls, and eilings, and floors, were black, and erumbling with rottenness and filth; up the tottering staircase of the garret, to whose tenants a somewhat purer air was offset by a roof hardly loser than a sieve, and Aurelia dis appeared behind a crazy door, say ng, as she entered:

Here's a lady, mother, wants to Following her closely, Miss Blanchard pushed the door a little wider, and entered a small room, desolate, comfortless, and forbid-

ding, as everywhere are the lairs in

which famine and disease finally hunt down and destroy their unresisting In one corner stood the Christmas tree, decorated, as Aurelia had described, with shreds of brightcolored cloth and flannel, with glistwill the death within appear upon life culminating upon this dreary ening bits of tin, several oranges, the stolen apple, and the remains of

snare, sprung this trap upon her! heap of straw, and shuddering be good to the child, dear Edith. Take tered the last words, abruptly closed her heart to this fresh stab, after woman, somewhat younger than In Christ's name she comes to you consumption.

tonished than gratified, for not one of them had ever, before the particular discussions day, seen or heard of the haughty, handsome lady who had bestowed these alms upon them.

But, for eleven years this had But, for eleven years this had and beginning a desperate struggle with the latch. Miss Blanchard below the latch and pittless tone, and with the same hard haughtily now, nor yet tenderly, for the mother's soul despends of t

that she is put in some safer shelter, liness and grace that should have where she may support herself by repaid even greater heroism than "Wait, Aurelia Ainslie! Where honest labor! Will you not do so her protector had evinced in thus adopting her. Should have, but adopting her. Should have, but

"Why not say for her father's and did they? mother's sake? You were once my "The heart knoweth its own dearest friend and intimate, the sis- bitterness, and there is a grief withter of my soul, we used to say; which the stranger intermeddleth and he, Aurelia's father-he was not."

something more than a friend to me, If it was a penance, it was nobly if you remember, said Miss and bravely borne, and never discovered to human eye. What more in the glass,) by Drughists and Dealers in Fance The sick woman moaned, and shall we demand of human nature? turned upon her squallid couch. Then, getting strength, she sat up-

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up, stood still, and hesitated. "Well, have you anything more to say?" asked Miss Blanchard, her Starved, to his hedge the cheerful rabin flies, Singing a song half and upon his nest: Hushed in the hitter wind some carol dies; With hurried steps the cattle seek their rest. hand doon the check-rein. "I was thinking, ma'am, that I wouldn't buy a Christmas tree, after all, if you'd'just as lieve."

to get. She never had any, so I

don't know."

card. Ten o'clock, remember.

Is the bread baked and the joints "Very well. Each of the twelve

smootly over the frozen streets, its and see that they have not been Yes, ma'am." did black horses he drove stood self, and you will, if you please, apright upon their usually glossy pack a large basket with articles her. I should like, also, to give her The occupant of this carriage some clothes. Will you look at was a lady past her youth, but not some of mine? or, no, you had bet-

smooth skin was-unmarred by a asked the unoved Bliss, whom no bad, and she asked how many cin- went to her dressing room. "I do not know exactly. Some-

> Miss Blanchard dined alone, as usual. The dinner was perfect, the service and attendance in the highest style of art, and the lady sustained her part in the domestic pageant with the self-possession and docility to established forms, as fa-

glass of rose-water, she walked lowly from the room, paused a moment, in the brilliantly lighted drawng-rooms, then went up stairs, with the crisp, clastic tread of suppressed out intense nervous emotion. Entering her dressing room, she

one behind by two closets, both or two furtive efforts to open the ber. The occupant of that chamber could seclude herself from her household as completely as if she lived in another world; and this was not an accidental arrangement.

table. From its private drawer she "Officer, I should like to speak to took a casket, and then opened it with a key attached to her watchchain. It held two pictures and a Miss Blanchard read her letters man started, turned and approached all through, pausing now and again over some tender phrase, some lover-like extravagance, some as-Why, ma'am, you'd hardly be surance of deathless faith and con I saw ber chopping away at the trees | folded them with scrupulous care.

there. See, here's the very batchet faint fragrance still exhaling from she'd brought a purpose. The lit | them, then laid the packet back in tle villain? wait till she sees what the box, and opened one of the pic his Honor 'Il give her to morrow inres. It represented a young man moderately well-looking, but with furtive eyes, a sensual mouth, and a weak chin. The face of one of nearer to the open window, and me the men whom such women as this chanically received the bank note love, because they are themselves too far above them to comprehend "I do not think the child intended their littleness, and can, of their own munificence, weave a mantle to clothe the idol, who, remaining thenceforth so enshrined, like the

dead Solomon in his regal robes, presents the semblance of royalty. though the reality become mere corruption and nothingness. Replacing, at last, this picture ness of a young and beautiful

"I got some prefly rags. I some and locked the casket, secured it in shielding it for years behind the Miss Blanchard, and bearing upon for Christ's sake accept her. the lights. Then but Christmas until now. This wretched enild! a rare and delicate leveliness. She that proud and loving heart-a not too cariously pry into our loved once, so hated now.

tonished than gratified, for not one here again for anything; do you of them had ever, before the pro-

vious day, seen or heard of the haughty, handsome lady who had een Miss Blanchard's custom; this of the day of the Christmas Eve, defenceless to be attacked. whose amusement, also inevitable,

Miss Blanchard never communicated, even to her biographer and nearest friend. Fisteen minutes after ten, and

Mrs. Bliss entered her mistress's do you live, and with whom? morning-room, leading the little culprit who had attempted to steal a Christmas tree from the presance of "You said you wished to see this

child, ma'am," said the housekeeper, apologetically. Yes, I do You may leave her here. Mrs. Bliss courtesied and left the room. Miss Blauchard looked keenly at her protegee, standing hunted look upon her face of a cornered mouse, or a cat in a strange room, or a human being to whom power means cruelty, and kindness implies a hidden snare. And yet,

the little creature hid beauty enough beneath her ragged clothes and tangled hair, and smirches of dirt, to give an artist visions of such cherubs as never Corregio drew. With a true artist's eye, Miss Blanchard, sitting a little languidly this morning in her reading-chair, appreciated this beauty, curve by curve, tint by tint, quite regardless of the subject of silent scrutiny.

At last she said : "Well, child, I told you to come at ten o'clock. It is nearly halfpast now. "I was here before ten, but I

darsn't come in," faltered the child, writhing one foot out of its clumsy shoe and in again. "Oh, that was it. That was foolsh, when it was I who bid you come. Did you get your Christmas tree?',

"How much money did I give "Three dollars." "And what became of the other " I bought some little candles and

prime, I tell you. "You wasted your money," said Miss Blanchard, coldly, but admiring the while the glow of enthusiasm deep gray eyes. The glow faded in a look of pain-

ful perplexity.

ly asked

say so, but she looked as if she felt | Aurelia away, and Miss Blanchard ders we'd got left." "Do you burn cinders for fuel?" "Yes'm, when I can find any." And what when you can't?" " Nothing. Mother gets into bed | silk." and puts the chair-backs over her, and I go down to the chestnutman's | mademoiselle." chestnuts if I'd kiss him, only he plete it. .

"Twelve last night, ma'am." So mother says. She says I'm ittle because I don't have enough

"How old are you?"

pirth-night?" "Yes'm," said the child, and waited further questioning; but the mention of that date had changed locked the door, passed into her Miss Blanchard's mood. Leaning sleeping room, and also locked the her forehead upon her hand, she re door of communication between the mained plunged into gloomy rev-

reep me warm," said the little child.

door and escape, but not understanding the mysteries of the latch. was finally fain to remark : "I guess I'll be going now, if

you'll undo the door." The lady "Oh ves; I had forgotten you. Mrs. Bliss has a basket for you and some clothes; or, rather, she will measure you for some, and you can ome again and get them. A merry Christmas to you, and good-bye."

Miss Blanchard rose with half a smile and laid her hand upon the ock, looking down as she did so at the child, whose quiet, gray eyes were fixed upon her face. Something in those eyes startled Miss

" Your name ought to be Aurelia: what is it? "That's it," said the child, turnng her eyes to the white fingers What! What is your name.

Miss Blanchard remained for noment as motionless as if suddenly petrified, then darting forward, she seized the child by the "Yes, yes, yes!" muttered she.

such pains to nourish the viper's brood! Oh, is there no end-no peace forever?" imprint of her fingers for days and

STATIONERY,

Gold Pens,

bliss before my mental vision, howfor many years-thirteen years last ever, when the door was pushed night. I have not forgotten the open, and the lover and friend, en-AND AGENT FOR THE upon a sofa so near my own chair that

grief; he kissed away her tears; he Done in the neatest and latest styles at sh drew from her an acknowledgement own part, while he bewailed the eruel fate that had bound him to CINCINNATI. assured them that their happiness C. W. EUWLAND.

that his new love might prove as faithful a wife as she had already proved a faithful friend. To her l did not speak at all. "Then I left them, and they had the grace to quit the house without

could not excel mine, in having dis-

eovered, before it was too late, the

unfortunate mistake that had been

committed. I returned to my lov-

er his liberty, and hoped for him

again addressing me. "They married directly, as I heard, and removed to a distant city I became, soon after, an orphan and my own mistress-heiress of more wealth than I can use. Such is my position to-day - and what is yours? "It is all true, every word of it. was a faithless friend, and he a faithless lover, to you. But we were true and loving to each other," mound the woman, thus reproached and taunted, shivering with a deeper chill than that of the

frosty air. The guest regarded her attentively. "What was his end?" ssked she abruptly. "He was unfortunate, everything failed us. We became very poor and-he died." "Of want and dissipation!" said Miss Blanchard, in an icy voice.

" Of want. You shall not judg

him whom God has called to judg

ment," said Mark Ainslie's widow

with a dignity that clothed her more superbly than Miss Blanch ard's velvets and silks could have Whom God has called to judg ment." repeated Miss Blanchard slowly. "Yes, and you, too, are about to be called unto judgment. Do you not tremble?"

He will not be so pitiless as

you. He remembers the temptation

and the expiation, as well as the

crime," mouned the sufferer.

A long silence followed, while the proud and implacable woman, looking down upon her enemy, recalled the past, and struggled angrily with the conviction that now, as formerly, it was Aurelia who conquered, and she who remained defeated. She spoke at "I have no wish to render more bitter your last moments. I forgive

I will see that your wants are at-

tended to, and when your child has become an orphan, she shall be placed in an institution for such persons. A change had come upon the dy ing woman, a sudden and terrible change. The paleness of her skir had become a mortuary pallor, the heavy lids fell like lead across the glazing eyes, the breath came in long and uneven gasps. The woman whom Edith Blanchard had loved as her own self, and had hated vet more ardently, lay struggling in her death-agony at her feet, and the revenge she had waited for, and longed for, and seized upon so agerly, turned in her grasp to a nomous scrpent, a devouring lame. She led the weeping child

ave forgiven you, but it is not nough. Before you die, say that ou, too, have forgiven me, for l have not been blameless. And, bending, she lightly kissed the brow already chill with death. At that touch, a slight shudder ran through the dying limbs, and Aure in opened her eyes, full of a strange oft light, and stailing, as if they had already feasted upon the eternal

beauty.

rom the room and returned to kneel

side that forlorn death-bed.

them in the street, and some pieces its hiding place, and extinguished stony reserve, never really needed her wasted features the remains of the street, and some pieces its hiding place, and extinguished stony reserve, never really needed her wasted features the remains of the street, and some pieces its hiding place, and extinguished stony reserve, never really needed her wasted features the remains of the street, and some pieces its hiding place, and extinguished stony reserve, never really needed her wasted features the remains of the street, and some pieces its hiding place, and extinguished stony reserve, never really needed. "Where did you get the apple" only comes once a year, so let She turned upon her fiercely, and was dying, as one might see; dying heart whose very bitterness was us all keep it as pleases us best, and met those eyes—those eyes so well of want, embodied in the form of but corroded sweet ness, and then Edith humbly bent her head, Her eyes, large, lustrous, and pa- growned with the pale Christmas

It forces the Hair and React to grow luxurinath It immediately stops Hair Falling Out. sate for the cruel humiliation of the are at least a woman, and will see and developed, grew to a rare love- leaves the Hair from Changing Color from Age It restores Grey Hair to its Original Color-It brings out Hair on heads that have been

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Doc. 20. 1896.—21-5m

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I have received many testimonials from pro-fessional and medical men, as my alminace and various publications have shown, all of which are gennine. The following letter from a highly educated and popular physician in Georgia, is certainly one of the most sensi-ble communications I have ever received Dr. Clement knows exactly what he speaks of and his testimony deserves to be written in words of gold. Hear what the Doctor says or BULL'S WORN DESTROYER:

for effect. I am doing a pretty large country practice, and have duily use for some article of the kind. I am free to comiess that I know of no remedy recommended by the sidest authors that is so certain and spendy in its effects, On the contrary they are maceriain in the extreme. My object in writing you is to find out upon what terms I can get the medicine directly from you. It I can get it upon easy terms, I shall use a great deal of it. I am aware that the use of such articles is contrary to the teachings and practice of a great mojority of the ERBULAR line of M. D. s., but I see no just cause or good sense in discarring a remedy which we know to be effected, simply because we may be ignorant of tecombination. For my part, I shall make it is the use all and any means to affering suffer it plumanity which I may be able to communication than my self may have learned its effects first, and secured the sole right to secure that knowledge. However, I am you no means an introduce of supporter of the Cetion and Tobacco Factors Produce & Comm ssion Marchants,

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report of the debates in both branches of Congress, also the news of the day.

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